ULTIMATE X-MEN®

ISSUE 5

KILLING FIELDS

MARVEL® COMICS

DIRECT EDITION

00511

7 59606 05047 5

$2.25 US $3.50 CAN

STAN LEE presents:

THE TOMORROW PEOPLE

PART 5 OF 6

MARK MILLAR writer ANDY KUBERT pencils Danny MIKI & Joe WEEMS inks
RICHARD ISANOVE colors RICHARD STARKINGS of COMICRAFT letters
PETE FRANCO assistant editor MARK POWERS editor JOE QUESADA chief BILL JEMAS president

ULTIMATE X-MEN® Vol. 1, No. 5, June, 2001. Published by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC. Frank Fochetta, Senior Vice President, Publishing; Lee Gross, Executive Vice-President, Publishing; Bob Greenberger, Director, Editorial Operations; Stan Lee, Chairman Emeritus. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Application to mail Periodicals Postage Rates is pending at New York, NY and at Additional Mailing Offices. Copyright © 2001 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $2.25 per copy in the U.S. and $3.50 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues (in U.S. dollars): U.S. $27.00; Canada $37.00 (GST #R127032652); foreign $30.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. ULTIMATE X-MEN (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO ULTIMATE X-MEN, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT, P.O. BOX 1970 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1970. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-9331 FAX # (203) 744-6944. Printed in the U.S.A. MARVEL COMICS is a division of MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC. Peter Cuneo, Chief Executive Officer; Avi Arad, Chief Creative Officer.

WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTANTS JUST BOMBED PARLIAMENT AND THE BLOODY MI6 BUILDING, MATE.
SPECIAL BRANCH WANTS YOU LOT HANDLING CROWD CONTROL DOWN THE EMBANKMENT ASAP.
COME BACK, IRA. ALL IS FORGIVEN, EH?
PLONKERS.
READY WHEN YOU ARE, CYCLOPS.

WHAT ABOUT THE WARNING, QUICKSILVER?
EXCUSE ME?
WE SAID THEY'D HAVE FIFTEEN MINUTES TO EVACUATE THEIR OFFICES, BUT YOU SET THOSE BOMBS OFF IN UNDER THREE, YOU IDIOT.
YOU FORGET YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WHO CAN BREAK THE FREAKIN' SOUND BARRIER?
DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY, MY FRIENDS.
I'M SURE HE REALLY MEANT TO COMPLIMENT MASTERMIND ON THE AUTHENTIC DISGUISES AND CONGRATULATE THE REST OF US FOR SABOTAGING BLAIR'S PLAN FOR A FLEET OF BRITISH SENTINELS.

THIS ISN'T A JOKE, QUICKSILVER. MAGNETO ORGANIZED THIS AS A BLOODLESS OPERATION AND YOU KNEW IT, MISTER.

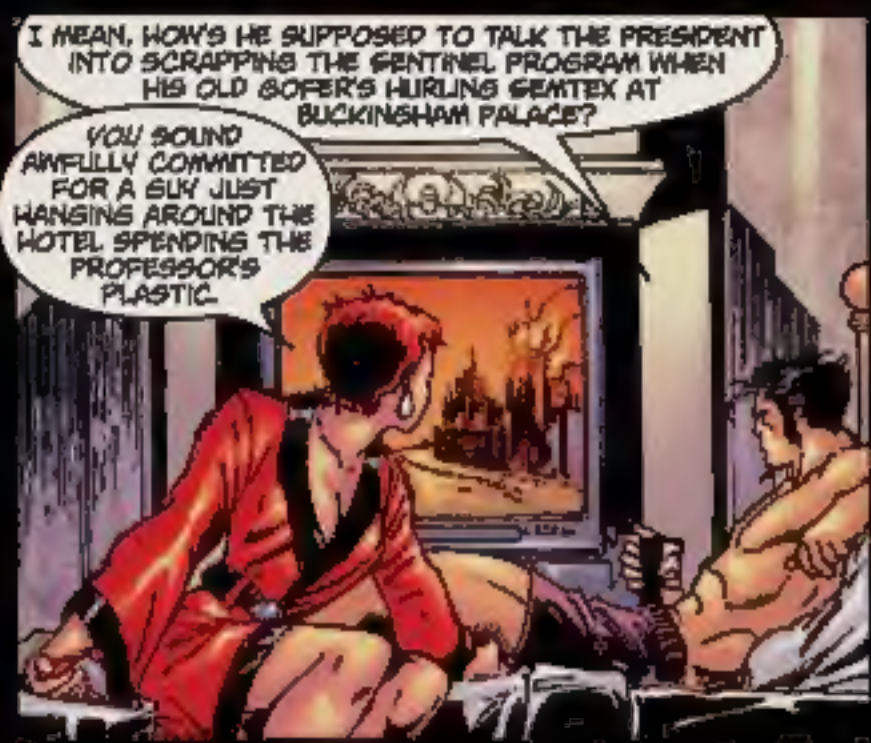
YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE MY BROTHER'S IMPATIENCE, CYCLOPS.
FIFTEEN MINUTES MUST FEEL LIKE FOREVER WHEN YOUR HEART BEATS TWENTY-FIVE TIMES A SECOND.
I DON'T CARE HOW MANY TIMES HIS HEART BEATS, WANDA. WHAT KIND OF EXCUSE IS THAT?

"MAN, I SHOULD MAKE YOU PEOPLE WALK BACK TO THE SAVAGE LAND FOR THIS ONE."

ANY LUCK?

CYCLOPS STILL ISN'T ANSWERING, LOGAN, WHICH MEANS HIS COMM-LINK'S EITHER SWITCHED OFF OR LYING IN A SOUTH SEA ISLAND TRASH CAN SOMEWHERE.

I JUST WISH I COULD SHAKE THIS HORRIBLE FEELING THAT HIS LEAVING THE TEAM HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH ME.



I GUESS EVERYONE WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU, HUH, MR. WOLVERINE?

NO, JEAN. EVERYONE WAS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.

THE WHITE HOUSE.
AGAIN, I CAN ONLY OFFER MY UTMOST APOLOGIES FOR LONDON, MR. PRESIDENT--
-- I JUST HOPE THIS INSANITY HASN'T CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT THE SUSPENSION OF THE SENTINEL INITIATIVE.
NOT A BIT, PROFESSOR XAVIER. AFTER WHAT YOU AND YOUR STUDENTS HAVE DONE FOR US LATELY, HOW COULD WE POSSIBLY JUSTIFY THESE INDISCRIMINATE ATTACKS ON OUR MUTANT POPULATION?

EVERYONE PRETTY MUCH AGREES THAT *NEGOTIATIONS* ARE THE BEST WAY FORWARD NOW, BUT THERE'S STILL ONE FINAL MISSION PLANNED FOR BOLIVAR TRASK'S MACHINES, I'M AFRAID.

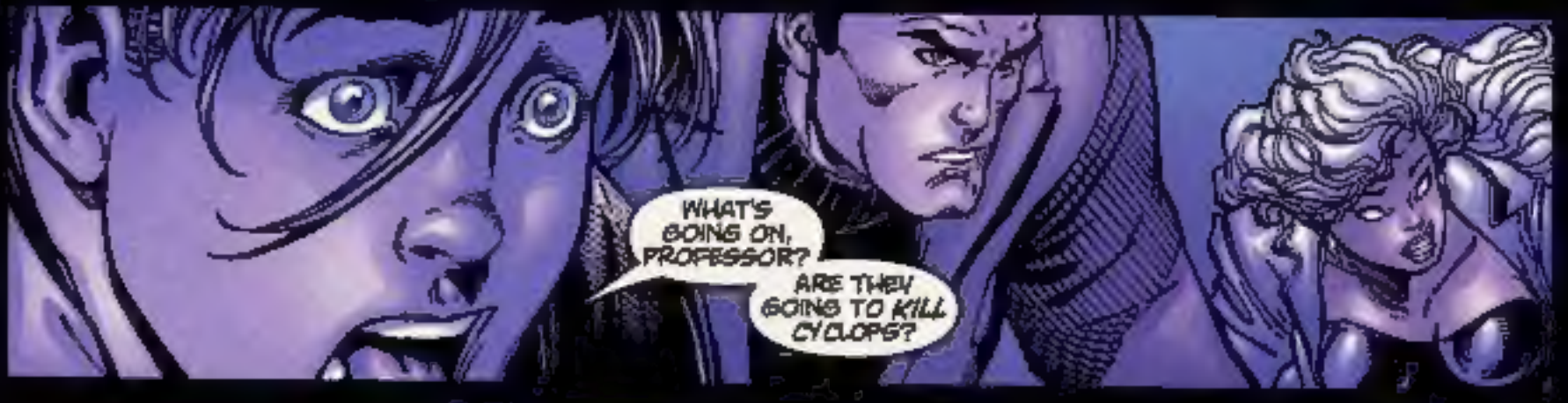
I'M NOT SURE I FOLLOW YOU, SIR.

THE *SAVAGE LAND*, PROFESSOR.

WE FINALLY UNCOVERED ITS *WHEREABOUTS*.

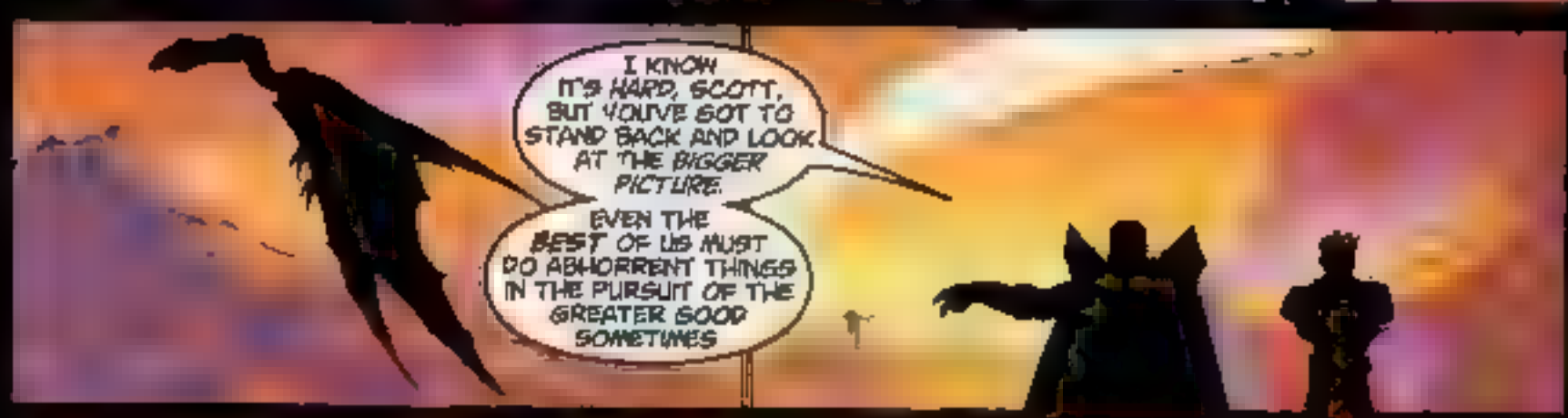
ACTUALLY, I'VE ALREADY CONSULTED THE NATO CHIEFS OF STAFF AND THE DECISION WAS *UNANIMOUS*, PROFESSOR.

THIS ISLAND IS A REFUGE FOR A CULT DEDICATED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR VERY SPECIES. IT WOULD BE IRRESPONSIBLE OF US *NOT* TO STRIKE WHILE THIS OPPORTUNITY PRESENTS ITSELF.



YOU LOOK TROUBLED, CYCLOPS.
MAYBE I'M JUST NOT AS THRILLED ABOUT KILLING PEOPLE AS THE GUYS I SHARE A BATHROOM WITH AT THE MOMENT, MAGNETO.
BUT YOU DIDN'T KILL ANYONE, SCOTT. QUICKSILVER ALWAYS DETONATES THE BOMBS.
I HEAR HE HOPES THESE DISPLAYS OF PUBLIC CRUELTY MIGHT BRING US CLOSER TOGETHER, BUT IT'S QUITE THE REVERSE, I'M AFRAID.
MAN IS ALONE AMONG THE ANIMALS WHEN IT COMES TO TAKING PLEASURE IN THE SUFFERING OF OTHERS.
HOMO SUPERIOR LOVES ALL LIVING THINGS.

EVEN THOSE PEOPLE BEING SCRAPED OFF THE WALLS BACK IN LONDON?


I KNOW IT'S HARD, SCOTT, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STAND BACK AND LOOK AT THE BIGGER PICTURE.
EVEN THE BEST OF US MUST DO ABHORRENT THINGS IN THE PURSUIT OF THE GREATER GOOD SOMETIMES

THIS WORLD IS MORE THAN FIVE BILLION YEARS OLD AND YET IN JUST TWO HUNDRED YEARS, HOMO SAPIENS HAS CREATED AN ENVIRONMENT WHICH WILL ONLY SUSTAIN US FOR ANOTHER FEW DECADES.

THEY INVENTED WAR. THEY WRITE MANUALS ON TORTURE
EVERY LIVING RELATIVE I HAD IN THE WORLD WAS EITHER GASSED, SHOT OR ROASTED ALIVE IN ONE OF THEIR PERIODIC GENOCIDES.

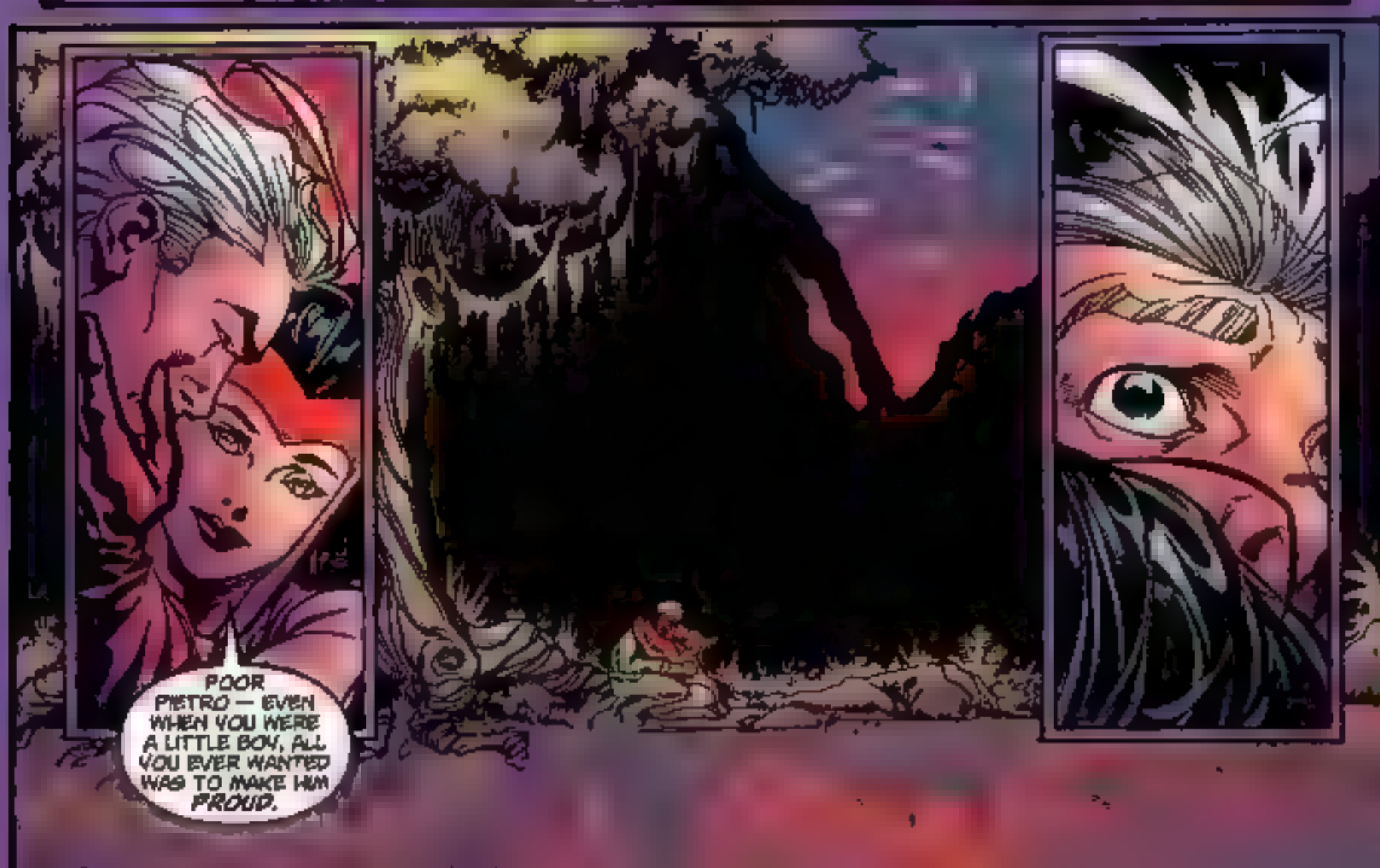
THEY'RE A FUNDAMENTALLY FLAWED CREATION AND IT'S OUR DUTY TO REPLACE THEM AT THE EARLIEST OPPORTUNITY.
AS THE MORE INTELLIGENT SPECIES, ONE MIGHT EVEN SAY THAT IT'S OUR MORAL RESPONSIBILITY

YOU REALIZE YOU SOUND EXACTLY LIKE ADOLF HITLER?
ACTUALLY HE WAS ONE OF THEIRS, SCOTT
I ONLY WISH TO TEACH THEM THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS AND WHERE NECESSARY, EMPLOY SOME PIONEERING NEURO-SURGERY.
I'M NOT A CRUEL MAN, YOU UNDERSTAND. IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I'VE EVEN TASTED FLESH, HUMAN OR OTHERWISE.
MY ONLY
IS TO MAKE THIS WORLD AS BEAUTIFUL AND PERFECT AS MY LITTLE, PRIVATE JUNGLE AND RAISE
GRAND
BREATHE UNPOLLUTED AIR.
I'M NEVER GOING TO KILL FOR YOU, MAGNETO.

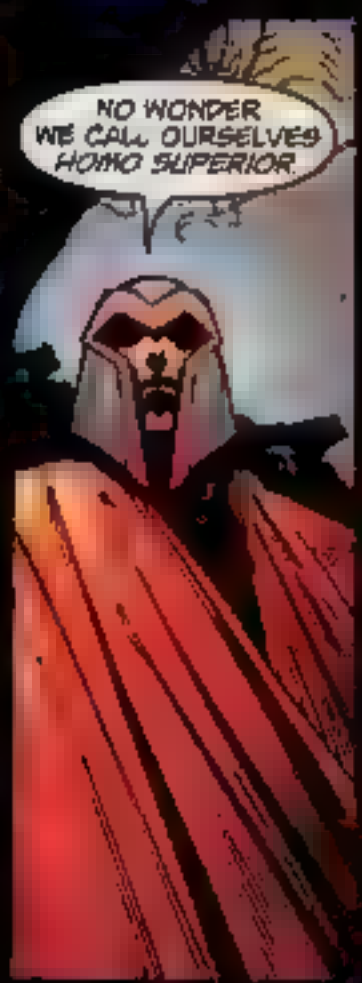
NOR WOULD I ASK YOU TO, CYCLOPS.
OUR PERFECT WORLD WILL BE HERE SOON ENOUGH.
INCIDENTALLY, ARE YOU COMING TO THE SCARLET WITCH'S POETRY RECITAL IN THE DREAM ROOM TONIGHT?
I GUESS. BUT WHAT'S THIS EPSILON-OMEGA SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE READING IN? SOME KIND OF LANGUAGE?
ACTUALLY, IT'S THE MUTANT ALPHABET I WANT EVERYONE HERE USING AFTER SUMMER SOLSTICE.
SHE FINDS YOU VERY ATTRACTIVE, YOU KNOW. SHE TOLD ME SHE'S THINKING OF SEDUCING YOU AFTERWARDS.
OH, AND CYCLOPS?
YEAH?
THIS MIGHT SOUND LIKE AN UNUSUAL REQUEST, BUT IF QUICKSILVER IS AROUND TONIGHT--
-- WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND ADDRESS ME AS FATHER WHEN WE'RE STANDING IN HIS

WHY DOES HE TAKE SUCH PLEASURE IN HURTING ME, WANDA?
HAVE I REALLY BEEN SUCH A BAD SON THAT I DESERVE TO CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP LIKE THIS EVERY NIGHT?

MAGNETO COULDN'T ASK FOR A MORE PERFECT SON, PIETRO.
BLOB SAYS HE JUST RESENTS US BECAUSE WE'RE CONSTANT, LIVING REMINDERS OF HIS ONE MOMENT OF WEAKNESS WITH A HOMO SAPIEN FEMALE ALL THOSE YEARS AGO
BUT I WISH HE'D STOP CRITICIZING ME IN FRONT OF PEOPLE. HE EVEN SAID MY MUTANT POWER WAS EFFEMINATE THIS MORNING.


POOR PIETRO — EVEN WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE BOY, ALL YOU EVER WANTED WAS TO MAKE HIM PROUD.

CHROMIUM MACHINES TO KILL A MASTER OF MAGNETISM?


NO WONDER WE CALL OURSELVES HOMO SUPERIOR.

ANY SPECIES THIS STUPID DESERVES IT'S LITTLE FREE-FALL DOWN THE FOOD CHAIN.

F-FATHER?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING, YOU IMBECILE? I'M REARRANGING THEIR CIRCUIT BOARDS.
CHANGING THEIR PRIME DIRECTIVE FROM HUNTING AND KILLING ANYONE WITH MUTANT GENES TO HUNTING AND KILLING ANYONE WITHOUT THEM.

MY GOD.

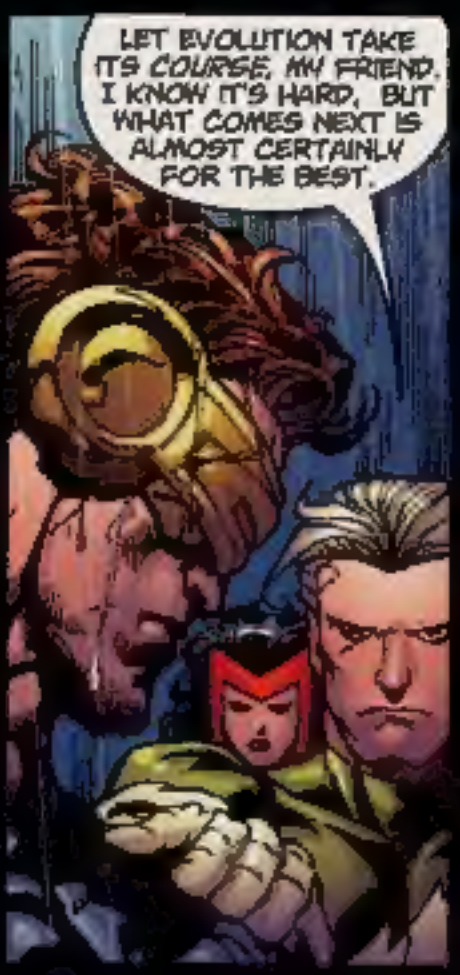
YOU HAVE MY WORD, MY BROTHERS, THAT A THOUSAND-- NO, A HUNDRED THOUSAND-- HUMAN BEINGS WILL DIE TONIGHT FOR EVERY MUTANT LYING BLEEDING AT YOUR FEET.
I WANT THEM TO KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE. I WANT THEM TO SMELL THEIR CHILDREN'S FLESH BURNING IN THEIR NOSTRILS.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT PERFECT WORLD YOU TOLD ME ABOUT, MAGNETO? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO TEACH THE HUMAN RACE, NOT EXTERMINATE THEM.

OH, HUMANITY ISN'T GOING TO DIE TONIGHT, CYCLOPS.
JUST AMERICA.

THE REST OF THE WORLD WILL SOON FALL INTO LINE WHEN THEY SEE ME DANCING ON THE ASHES OF A PRESIDENT.

IT'S STARTED, HASN'T IT?
THE WAR XAVIER ALWAYS TRIED TO PREVENT.
AND THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP IT NOW, CYCLOPS. EVEN IF WE WANTED TO, WE CAN'T STOP DAD.


LET EVOLUTION TAKE ITS COURSE, MY FRIEND. I KNOW IT'S HARD, BUT WHAT COMES NEXT IS ALMOST CERTAINLY FOR THE BEST.

DROP DEAD, DIRTBAG.

PROFESSOR X, THIS IS CYCLOPS —
— WE'VE GOT A SITUATION HERE, SIR.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME—?